



A Child's Thoughts in Rhyme

BY

MYRA BRADWELL HELMER

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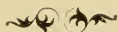
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CHILD'S THOUGHTS
IN RHYME



BY
MYRA BRADWELL HELMER



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LOVINGLY
DEDICATED TO MY FATHER,
CHRISTMAS, 1902,

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The Author and Her Grandfather.

Myra Bradwell.

The Author and Her Pets.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS
IN
RHYME.

GRANDFATHER.

Grandfather's hair is long and white,
Though it used to be as black as night;
His eyes are dark, and seem to see
Into the haze of eternity.

He has done many deeds, both good and true,
And his faults are small and very few;
He has done his work in this world of strife,
And soon will go on to a better life.

He is the friend of the poor, upholds the negro;
Should all his kind deeds stand 'twould make a long row.
He once saw the prairie where now is the town,
Which has beauty and art, and has won great renown.

He sits by the fire and gazes there oft,
And memories return, hazy and soft—
Again he's a boy in the forest so dark;
He hears the wild hawks and the chickens—oh, hark!

The Indians' war whoops come to his ears,
And their loud shrieking laughter again he hears;
Now he's a man, sturdy and strong,
Tall and erect, with legs that are long.

Now he is married, and he hears the bell ring
For the christening of children that marriage doth bring.
He sees himself older, and just in his prime,
And still onward creeping is Old Father Time.

At last when his dear mate had been laid away
His life lay in the balance, and dark grew the day;
And so he is waiting, yet not waiting in vain,
For though it is long, a turn has this lane.

GRANDMA'S DESK.

Everything's there just the same, dear,
As it was long time ago,
When she left it for her death-bed so drear,
And a grave 'neath the ice and snow.

The papers are covered with dust,
The pens are dried with rust,
And the flowers on her grave in Rosehill must
Die at the wind's sighing gust.

And the drawers are creaky and moulded,
And the letters are dusty and folded,
Just as she left them, sweet one,
When her writing forever was done.



Like Little Boy Blue, there her desk stands
Waiting and watching for her vanished hands;
And she lies in her last sleep under the shading oak,
Dreaming sweetly, with the myrtle above for a cloak.

(1900.)

A PICTURE OF LONG AGO.

'Tis Mistress Molly, sweet and fair,
Treading on the perfumed air;
Her hair in oldest fashion plied,
Yet, 'tis her glory and her pride.

She seems to step from canvas walls,
Wearing the clothes of knighthood halls;
Her dainty slippers of color green
Peeping from her dress are seen.

A host of jewels around her neck
Her soft white gleaming flesh bedeck;
Her hands are crossed in careless way,
Her lips apart to hum a lay.

Her eyes are sweet, their color blue;
Her face is tender, strong and true.
You seem to hear her floating song.
You shut your eyes and listen long;
You hear the lark sing o'er her head,
You wake once more and know her dead.

(1901.)

THE TIRED MONEY FEELING AND ITS CURE.

I'm tired of the world and its pleasures,
And gold coming in by the measures;
Give me something new,
Something else to do.

Give to me the sweet, still country town,
Where every one is met by a smile, not a frown:
Give to me the simple country church with people dressed in modest
style,
Not the city church, where oft they dress to show off in the aisle.

Let me be awakened by the crowing of the cock,
Instead of the tones of a much-used silver clock;
Let me hear the little calves and the little lambs say Ba-ah!
For this will do me much more good than a trip to Panama.

Oh, take the hot-house city flowers away from my sight,
And give to me the country ones, that have God's rain and light;
Give to me the hearty farmer, with his merry laughing jokes,
And the rickety old wagon. with hardly any spokes.

I'd rather have that than the dude with the automobile,
With perfumed handkerchief, stupid head and military heel;
My ears are full and ringing
Of the songs the birds are singing,

And my only sorrow is,
And a very sad one 'tis,
That the farmer will not let me pile up his golden hay,
Like the lads and lassies round here chanting all a merry lay.

Oh, what fun to catch the russet apples as they fall,
But one must haste away to the farm-wife's dinner call;
Give to me the boiled dinner with bread and preserves;
If I stay here so very long I shall soon regain my nerves.

(1901.)

THE DUEL.

"Bring out his sword," the Frenchman cries,
"He conquers me, or else he dies."

Our Yankee stood up tall and fierce,
Ready steadily to spring and pierce

The heart of the Frenchman brown.
The Frenchman angry grew, and drew a frown
On his smooth and placid face.
The Frenchman's wrath grew loud apace.

"Mon Dieu," he murmured with a scowl,
"There that, that is a foul."
"No indeed," our friend remarked;
And in that moment he was embarked

In a perfect sea of glittering steel;
But he still stood firm, he did not reel.
The Frenchman bent and forward lunged
Our hero held his sword and plunged

At the Frenchman gray.
He fell, and far away
Came the chime of church bells ringing, solemn, sad and drear,
And o'er the face of the Frenchman came a sudden look of fear.

The Frenchman gazed up in wonder at the Yankee, then said,
"Hurry; kill me; I were certainly better dead."
The Yankee smiled in scornful disdain.
"Yes, you coward, you were better slain."

Our hero listened, and his face expressed the peaceful will of God.
"Nay," said he, dreamily, "I will not push you to the sod."
"A moment back your life was in great danger,
"But I let thee off for the sake of the babe in the manger."

(1901.)

THE MUSKET'S STORY.

Oh, musket, musket, musket true
What use are you at all?
I fought for Freedom and for you,
Replied the musket from the wall.

I saw the shot fly thick and fast,
I saw the men fall, dead;
Each for his country to the last,
Killed by the flying lead.

I heard the moaning of the men;
I saw their wounds, raw and sore;
Men who would never fight again;
Men who were gone forevermore.

I saw the field, red and gory;
I saw the trees hit by shell;
All this told the story,
How our countrymen fired and fell.

I saw the night steal o'er the day,
Blacker than usual it seemed;
Taking the terrible sight away,
Where peacefully now the silent dreamed.

(1901.)

WAR.

Oh we're off for the war, the young boys cry,
It's either we conquer or else we die.
Hurrah for the flag with its blue, white and red,
Hurrah for the men that for it are dead.
Let's fight for our country and aim good and true,
Hurrah for those colors—the red, white and blue.

(1901.)

THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS.

The columbines shelter the dead,
Robins are twittering o'erhead.
'T was long ago that the battle was here,
Fought from the twilight till dawn was clear.

And as the birds look down from their trees,
Gently there blows a soft little breeze;
And as it rocks the high grass asunder,
What are those bones, the little birds wonder.

(1901.)

THE BUD THAT NEVER BLOOMED.

The merry laugh is still,
The pretty eyes are closed,
Rosebud is dead.
Some say she has just dozed.

Her dainty cheeks are white,
Her lips will speak no more,
Her voice is forever hushed,
Her life has closed its door.

Her little hands are crossed
Upon her still, white breast,
And on her face is peace,
That comes but to the blest.

She never more will say,
In accents sweet and low,
Mamma, mamma,
Oh ! I love you so.

(1900.)

THOUGHTS ON EASTER MORNING.

Tell me, my baby, what do you think
When you close your eyes and into sleep sink ?
Do you think of the angels who brought you to me
Across the dark river and black rolling sea ?
Do you think of the waves that splashed at their feet
When they carried you over, fast, swift and fleet ?
Do you dream of the home that again you will reach—
Of the Heavenly Father watching guard on the beach ?
Do you think of the lilies that grow in that land,
That all day by breezes so holy are fanned ?
Do you wish that again you were back in the skies
Where no one has troubles and no one e'er dies ?
But, my dear one, it can never be so
Until you have led a life of joys, trouble and woe.

(1901.)

THE NIGHT WIND.

Dark as the ocean's fathomless deep,
Rides the night wind when we're asleep.
Sitting erect on a spectral steed
She rides through the country at a terrible speed.
Her hair full of moisture clings to her waist
For the Queen of the nightwinds has many storms faced.
Her garments are loose and of texture so fine
That with her dark steed they seem to combine.

THE LADY OF THE BRONZE.

Oh, enchanting fairy nymph of the azure colored air,
Tall and slender is your body and your wings are oh, so fair.
Of the colors of the rainbow gleaming in the morning light,
They are like the stars of heaven, shining out upon the night.
You have grace and slim proportion and are beautiful to see,
Endowed by all of nature and by the graces three.
You have had your merry sea bath and are now upon the shore,
Picking up the dainty sea-weed, listening to the sea's gruff roar.
Standing now upon some shell and again upon the sand,
You tread upon the ocean growth drinking in the sea air grand.
Soon tiring of these quiet sports you'll spread your wings and soar
High above the blue green ocean, hearing not its angry roar.



POEMS DEDICATED TO MY ANIMAL FRIENDS.

MUFF.

My little dog, like Browning's Flush,
Loves me with all his heart;
Stays by me all the livelong day,
And at night is loath to part.

When I am sick or lying down,
Muff by my side with tears,
Touches my hand with his little paw,
And into my face sadly peers.

When I am out for a walk and gay,
Muff with his blanket all awry,
Listening and looking for things to come,
Trots gaily along with head held high.

And in the evening after his bath,
With bow and collar on his neck,
He frisks around the dining-room,
And none his manners care to check.

MAJOR.

Oh, dancing, prancing Major mine,
With silky tail and tresses fine,
With sharp bright eyes that look and see
Each passing horse and bug and bee.

With head held high and back curved straight
You would the soberest girl elate.
You tremble first and bolder grow,
You shy a little and then you—go.

You pass o'er road and ditch and dale
Leaving behind a cloud-like trail.
Faster and faster you fly and you go,
In our excitement we forget to shout whoa.

Over the bridge with clattering feet
You madly rush on ready to meet
All the dangers of dale and hill,
Even the noise of the old windmill.

Just as you come to the turn point square
The chug of the auto resounds in the air.
Our faces grow white and our bodies grow cold
For do we not know your wild tricks of old?

“ Jump for your lives,” cried I, “ It's all that can be done.
For when we meet the auto he certainly will run.”
Major gazes upon the auto, then turning to eat grass,
Calmly, gently, highly bred, he lets the auto pass.

TO MY NEW-BORN CHICK.

Oh, little chick you've come into the world,
And into your life trouble's unfurled;
Do you not wish that again you were in
The warm egg that had a coating so thin,
And felt the hen's warm feathers float o'er you?
Alas, you have no kin but a hen to adore you;
For the others got cold and would not hatch,
And you're the only one that came out of the batch.
You'll find it quite troublesome to dig and get worms,
If you want to get them easy, with the rooster be on good terms.
To Biddie, your mother's husband's wife,
Will be born a new set of chicks,
And for them too, a little nest I'll fix.
But now, my baby chicken, go to sleep with mother's crooning low.
Cluck, cluck, cluck, wake at dawn, my babe, at father's clarion crow.
And now I wish to tell you, make the most of it while you can,
Because some time you'll be a mother and have a little hungry clan.

(May 9th, 1901.)

THE ROBIN.

Sing low, sing low, sweet robin,
Think not so much of your feat,
Sing low, sing low, sweet robin,
On the bough of yon green seat.

Oh, thief in the orchard,
You've stolen the fruit
And relished the cherries so red;
Your voice is heard in a song like the flute—
"I won't be satisfied with bread."
You come and drink from the sparkling rill;
And sing one of your songs at the top of the hill;
You call to your mate, when you see the fat worm.
For you like to watch it wriggle and squirm.
You love to watch us with your little bright eye.
And if we come near you, you give a queer cry.

(1901.)

FROM A PIG'S POINT OF VIEW.

Come, little pig, said Mother Pig, ·
Arranging before a pool a castaway wig,
Your aunt from the city is coming to-day,
And you must go out and get water and hay,
And be sure you get the dirtiest mud,
And bring in some fine plant with both leaves and green bud;
Your aunt from the city has terrible airs,
And she'll tell you some stories that'll bristle your hairs.
"Oh, dear," said their aunt when she got there at noon,
"I've had such a journey, nearly up to the moon.
Yes," she said to the Mother Pig,
"I was so high-toned I came in a rig."

The rig was a wagon in which all the pigs came,
Both high-toned and low, sound and lame.
One day Father Pig came and said to his wife,
It has come again, that disease of the knife,
But I hear men are civilized, for they are taking mud baths now,
And I can't excuse them for not seeing ours were right anyhow.
And isn't it terrible in that weak, sickly water;
I think they'll see we're right and there'll be no more slaughter.
But one day Auntie Pig did disappear,
And said one to the other, we'll find her, ne'er fear.
And one day a sunny-haired child came out,
Twining curls his fair face about.
And what would this pig family do as this morning they dug in the rain
If they knew that Auntie had been axed and cruelly slain;
And what would they do if they knew her bacon lay in four stomachs,
The child with curls, a mother, a grandma and an awkward lummox.

(1899.)

FROM A MONKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

Do you recall when we sat under the trees,
Flopping our tails and eating the fleas,
"Oh! here comes what the revolutionists say descended from an ape!"
And the head of the family looked wise and munched a grape;
"Ah, the word's 'evolutionist'" his wife said, turning to her bath,
And the monkey jerked away his face twisted up with wrath.
Just then bounding down the path came a giraffe.

“Oh, he cried, man is here.”
The monkey said “I need not fear;
For you see he is my cousin,” he said, with a laugh.
“Oh, men are so funny; they wear on their legs some stuff,
And if ever I wear it you may give my ears a cuff.”
In a few days our monkey changed his mind,
For we see him out in the fields some skins trying to find;
And then he went to the Tailor’s hole, and said “If you please,
You may make some pretty pantaloons for me out of these;”
And when we see him next, this is what we see :
He’s dressed in a pair of trousers, smokes a cigarette and is drinking a
cup of tea;
And when he is plagued by his careless monkey kin,
He replies, “Man is my cousin, and if I mimic him ’tis no sin.”

(1899)

MY KITTEN.

I have a little kitten who is my delight;
Although she’s very gentle, she tries sometimes to bite;
Her little eyes were grayish blue but now they’re turned to green,
And if you tease her *just* too much, her little teeth are seen;
She is very fond of fish, also meat and milk,
And when her coat’s been rubbed, it looks just like silk.

(1899.)

OUR TOM.

Our Tom is a cat,
Big, sleek and fat.

Perhaps you don't know that we don't sleep a mite,
When Tommie is out promenading at night;
He fights with his rivals for the best cat,
Who would be the best mate and catch the best rat.

But love making's not of our pussies' choice,
For he likes to powerfully raise his big wakeful voice;
Then out of his throat in strong strenuous tones,
Come the sounds of grumbles, growling and groans;

And just as he's giving a last parting meow
There comes down the street a muffled bow-wow.
Then scampers our Tom up to his home,
Waiting and watching for the next time to roam.

(1899.)

WHAT THE CAB HORSES SAY.

I am used unto death,
Not allowed to get my breath,
And the work is oh, so hard,
And my sides are greased with lard;

I am fed one quart a day
And only a mouthful of yellow hay,
And the man whips me with a whip;
If I stop, a curse is on his lip;
All I ask of you, is pity
In this merciless-hearted city.

(1899.)

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING "A WOMAN TENDERFOOT"
BY GRACE SETON THOMPSON.

This great strong buck who roamed in the Rockies now lay weltering in
the snow,
And beside him with sorrowful eyes stood his wife, the pretty white
doe;
And ever since he had been a little timid-eyed fawn,
He had danced o'er the mountains from dark to the beautiful dawn.

He had run with many a fighting buck,
But he had beaten all, such was his luck;
And the ones who killed him, Grace and Nimrod were they,
And they pounced upon him as once he had pounced on *his* prey.

And the doe looks around sadly and mournfully sighs,
And dies as a doe with a broken heart dies;
You say 'tis too bad that she will ne'er arise;
How do *you* know? maybe she's in the skies.

(1901.)

LINES READ AT THE FUNERAL OF MY PET ROOSTER.

Here is our lovely by-gone cock;
When Jennie found him his feet were rock;
He hath gone at last to his last long sleep,
And he had no children to give even a peep.

See! he is a beautiful cock as he lies in state,
But I am afraid he will ne'er see the pearly gate.
And now let us bury him with sad tears from us all,
But be glad you don't eat him for sour is his gall.

The poor thing had died we thought, of the grip,
But when we found out, it was only the pip;
And ne'er again will he climb hill or cliff,
Because the poor thing is frozen quite stiff.

And here goes the last funeral toll of his bell;
Oh! don't open the coffin, or you'll get a smell.
And so he has gone, ne'er to come back,
And the poor little hen a husband doth lack.

(1900.)

ODE TO MIDLOTHIAN.

O Midlothian, fair field of golf,
Where men and women spend their lives,
With green fields and waving trees
And spacious club house on the hill.

O flowers that bloom for those
That trod you down for golf;
Can you find it in your hearts
To forgive these golfers gay?

O creek that flows so smooth and still,
Thou art pelted with the golfer's ball;
Canst thou forget that sounding thud,
And give the ball an early grave?

O breezes that blow o'er the golfer's head,
Blow gently on the flying ball;
For the golfer's thoughts are on it bent,
And not upon your breezy self.

O bunkers high, that are buncoed
Of the ball that nestled in your side,
Can you forgive these earthy men
Who think of naught but golf?

O Bogey, Colonel Bogey,
You are a gay old man;
You're up from dawn to twilight
Watching the golfers play.

O word, dear word, that is so dear,
To many men and women,
You bring the oaths, you bring the smiles—
Your simple name is Golf.

THE PRACTICE COURSE.

Oh, the practice course—the practice course! it makes my shoulders
shiver

To see the way that it is kept, the long grass all aquiver,
'Twould be a place for botanists to study pretty flowers,
'Twould be a place for scientists to seek the queen bees' bowers.

In all this course would be a place for pictures, picturesque,
But it is not what it should be, for golf it makes grotesque.
And the putting green's so bad, your ball goes straight, but—bump,
And your ball's in another direction, on account of that little hump.

And when you're so hot and tired the trees appear to say
Come neath my waving branches, and qualify some other day.
Then not resisting the sweet temptation,
You fall asleep with gay elation.

Then through the dreamy air you hear a ding-a-ling,
And startled hear the final train bell ring;
Throwing your balls and clubs at the caddy you rush away;
“Put those clubs in the locker; I'll qualify some other day.”

(1901.)

GOLF.

The golfers' click is heard once more,
That fatal cry, Fore ! Fore !
The ball speeds on through space and air,
And lands upon the green, so fair.
The caddy smiles, the golfer's gay,
And stands ready for the putting-fray.
The putter strikes, but not a sound;
The ball is there, it hit the ground.
The golfer swears; the caddy's blue.
The golfer says, "By Gosh! that's two."
He strikes again with mighty will,
The ball revolves and then stands still;
One more putt and it goes in;
He turns and sees the caddy grin.

(1901.)

OUT AT MIDLOTHIAN.

Out at Midlothian, playing all day,
Losing your ball in the grass or the hay,
If you're a man, sometimes you'll swear;
If you're a woman, you'll say "I declare !"

Then when you've found your ball after an hour,
Your once sweet temper is usually sour;
You go over the Alps with a high sweeping ball,
But on the next stroke, your pride has a fall;

Your ball goes ten yards, and lands in the grass,
And trying to find it, you let people pass.
Midlothian is a mixture of young men and old;
Of hair that is silver and hair that is gold;

Some players lean, some fat as fat can be.
And when they bend the ball to strike, the caddy hollers, "Gee!"
We have quite a few judges, lawyers, and docs,
And also some men who are dealing in stocks.

SONG OF OUR MILKMAN'S SWEETHEART.

O Midlothian! We love you from the bottom of our hearts;
'Tis from your men we have gotten many of blind Cupid's darts.
We have heard the bubbling creek as it flows near Lover's Lane,
And we hope that with another, we will hear its song again.

We have seen the merry sunshine as it flits among the trees,
We have heard the airy nothings wafting on the lover's breeze.
We no longer have the p'liceman as he tramps his lonely beat,
But in the early morning we oft the milkman meet.

His cans are just as shining as the star the p'liceman wears—
He gets up all the parties and he makes us go in pairs,
There are many sly flirtations as we go in buggies old,
For I think these farmer boys, in love affairs, are bold.

If our eyes and ears are open, we can learn a lot you know,
For every girl Midlothian has got a farmer beau.
Let us hope that life will flow on as smooth as tea and cream,
And to all Midlothian girls, life will be a farmer's dream.

AT MIDLOTHIAN IN NOVEMBER.

The fields are brown, the meadows dry,
Summer to us has said good-bye.
The leaves are dead, the breezes cold,
And the trees stand out bare and bold.

The birds are still for they've flown far away,
And will not return for many a day.
The sky is gray where once it was blue,
And where many the golfers, now there are few.

The club-house stands sombre on the hill;
There are no foot-steps; all is still.
The wind sighs 'round its massive doors,
And silent are the polished floors.

No longer do young voices talk,
No longer do feet skip and walk.
The cottages look dark and bleak,
And near, the squirrels a shelter seek.

The course no longer feels the feet,
That play golf through rain and heat.
The bunkers hide their treasures deep
And fall into a dreamless sleep.

CHRISTMAS.

The lake doth sparkle with joy so dear,
For Christ was born to-day.
Look at that picture so clear;
See Christ in a manger lay.

His mother by his side,
Soothed him when he cried;
Centuries have passed
Since our Lord was seen last.

He rose from grave and turf,
To go to Heaven and leave earth;
Listen, children, to my story,
Which covers Christ with glory.

(1899.)

THE STUPID CLOCK.

Oh, stupid clock, dost thou not know,
That Christ was born nineteen hundred years ago?
Yes, 'twas on this same sweet Christmas day,
That our Christ upon his mother's bosom lay.

Oh, stupid clock, dost thou not think,
To-day's the day the wise men came to drink
The health of the child, as he in the manger lay,
And the shining star led the darksome way?

(1899.)

NEW YEAR'S.

See, tis snowing hard, so hard, oh, Father,
To-day is New Year's; let us gather
All our faults and put them far away;
And then let us the century turn out with singing gay.

Old Father Time, with his eyes so dim,
Asks proud mother earth, "Is it a she or a him?"
Ah, Father Time, look on with those eyes,
And you will discover a lovely surprise.

Yes, you will see things in the next hundred years
That will bring you heart-aches, and some loathsome fears.
What if the flying machine with old Santa should break,
And taking a notion, fall into the lake.

And what if those lights used when speaking to Mars,
Should drop out of the sky and only leave stars;
You'd find the work of the century failed,
And talking with Mars from your reach sailed.

(1899.)

TO AUNT OLIVE, CHRISTMAS.

Do you remember, sweet auntie of mine,
When we played hearts? oh, wasn't it fine!
Do you remember the queen with her dark haughty frown,
And her glittering crown,
And do you remember how we would laugh
When Grandpa got her, and how we would chaff?
Oh, I can see her evil eyes glitter,
And I can feel the feeling so bitter,
When she comes to me with a smile on her lips,
And my heart her evil eye nearly rips.
I give you a case that will hold all your hearts,
Except the one that pulsates and starts;
Come back to us auntie, in lovely bright June;
And we will play hearts all afternoon.

(1900.)

THE ELOPEMENT.

“Now George Powers come no more here
Or I shall have to be very severe.”
So said the father of a beautiful maid,
But she turned to her love and said “I’ll be arrayed,
So go and get some good, strong rope,
And then you and I together’ll elope.”
But the father caught on, and so he said :
“I’ll slide down the rope and kill the man dead.”
To the window the lover had fastened the twine,
And pa grinned and chuckled as he slid down the line.
But the lover let go and pa came down too fast,
And the lovers eloped, free from care at last.
But pa mourned over his fate,
And vowed vengeance on Mary’s mate.

(1899.)

THE COAL BARONS.

The coal-bin’s not full but our purse is light,
All on account of anthracite.
We hate the coal-barons and shiver and shake
On account of the fuss the miners make.

We keep the fire low and complain of the cold,
All on account of what I have told.
We wish for a blaze that would make our hearts beat,
All on account of our poor, cold feet. †

ONLY A DROP OF INK.

A poor old mother worn with care,
Sat writing to her only heir.
Her son was a good, but careless boy,
Living in luxury with a wife for a toy.

He had forgotten his poor old mother of late,
And she sat beside her cold stone grate.
And now she was writing this letter to him :
“ Dear son, help your mother, whose eyes are dim.

“ Oh, come to me darling, for I am tired of limb.”
But the envelope was blurred from a murky splash of ink.
But she had no more, and sent it, while she wept 'till her eyes
were pink.

The letter was delayed; when received by her heir,
Alone sat the mother dead in her chair.

(1898.)

MY BABY.

Baby with eyes so fair and blue,
Baby with lips so red and true,
Baby my own dear one,
Of gold you are worth a thousand ton—

Dolls, soldiers and a ball;
Surely I could not name them all.
But now 'tis many years gone by,
Since I've seen the twinkle of your eye.

There on the hill you lie,
Under the bright blue sky.
Oft have I watched the raindrops fall,
On your grave against the old gray wall.

(1898.)

THE AWAKENING.

She sat in the old arm-chair,
As the fire was going to die.
And she looked at its parting glare,
And her voice resounded in a sigh.

Eight years ago to-night,
As we sat by the dim fire-light,
We parted in dreadful anger;
Our peace was shattered by a word.
Not another word was heard.
At that moment from the door
Came "Mary, Mary, come once more."

She rose as though she was in a trance,
But she saw in a single glance,
'Twas her love so long gone away;
And she's happy to this day.

(1898.)

SORROW.

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes,
Even nips the children's toes.
Little children, do not fret
Because your dolly's hair is jet.

Grown-up people do not care
Whether you've got black or golden hair.
Do not worry about paltry things,
When bigger ones, real sorrow brings.

(1898.)

JOY.

Joy has come, sorrow is gone,
Just as night comes and then comes dawn.
Joy is sweet, sorrow sour—
Just as God has good and the Devil bad power.
 Joy my darling;
 Joy my dearest;
 Joy the sweetest;
 Joy sincerest.

(1898.)

BED-TIME.

Come now, don't be silly;
You've got to go to bed, my Billy.
When the light is turned so low,
I'll tell you stories of long ago.

Then you will slowly snore,
And I will gently close the door,
Why, you're asleep already;
Now it's time for beddy.

(1898.)

TILL THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD.



Out in the ocean the waves are cold,
Touching the things that were brought there of old,
Men, women and children placidly sleep
In the arms of the ocean, the slumbering deep.

They are happy and restful in their watery bed,
Yet no one awakens till the sea yields its dead.
The fishes watch o'er them and play by their side,
And the mermaids around them gracefully glide.

In summer the waves sing "Lullaby, lullaby, dears,"
And the people on land shed many bitter tears.
They know not their dear ones dream on a sand bed:
All they think is, "I'll ne'er see them till the sea gives its dead."

(1899.)

EVENING.



'Tis evening, and the dogs are after the kine;
And as we look we see the sheep tramp over the line,
And they climb up to the rugged brown hill
To get their last drink at their sparkling rill.

Then again they homeward turn,
Tramping over flowers and fern.
The sun has just gone down below the silvery cloud,
And the moon climbs out of its pale shroud,

And now all things are still,
Except the sound of the old wind-mill,
And sometimes a lonesome note calling "Willow, tit willow."
Mary turns uneasily on her pillow,

For does the bird not seem to say—
"Come, where my mate was slain yesterday.
You know who did it, 'twas your brother Jack;
You know yourself his sin is black."

Mary tries to go to sleep, but still the bird goes on to say,
"Come with me and let me slay
The boy that shot my poor young mate;
Nothing to me will compensate."

(1900.)

THOUGHTS OF LONG AGO.

Oh! To-day is very cold,
And my bones are growing old.
And as I think of long ago,
Seems as if there was no snow.

For there always was a wife,
Working with me in my strife.
And there was a sunny-haired child,
Gentle, sweet, meek and mild.

But they all have disappeared,
All the dear ones that I reared.
And they have gone far away,
And I almost see the day,
That I will be there up above,
Happy with my young and oldest love.

And as upon my bed I lie,
I think I hear a lonely cry.
'Tis my wife calling me and humming,
And I answer "Coming, coming, coming!"

(1900.)

FLORENCE.

The snow was on the ground—
The snowflakes falling lay,
The trees made moaning sound
When they carried my Florence away.

The house stood bleak and bare,
And gloomy was the day,
And I pressed to my heart a lock of her hair,
When they carried my Florence away.

The sky was dark and clouded
And the sun sent out no ray,
The pale fog of the morning was shrouded
When they carried my Florence away.

(1900.)

WHEN THE SHADOWS ARE GROWING DEEP.

My baby hath gone to her last, long sleep.
And when the shadows are growing deep,
Then her phantom returns to me
Over the tossing, wild blue sea.

Again I see her eyes so close to mine,
And her coral lips and her hair so fine,
And she talks with me and seems to say :
“You'll come too, mother, some bright day.”

And then when our sweetest time is here,
She fades away slowly to the rear,
And I look at the fire and cry
“Why was my daughter taken—why?”

(1899.)

LIFE.

See Mr. Black with his pile of money,
See Mr. White with nothing but hard work and strife;
One sprinkled with poverty sore, the other by combs of honey;
But then we must say, "Such is life."

Mr. Black in his fine carriage out in the park,
Mr. White at the factory grinding till dark;
Mr. White with his poor, delicate wife,
And again we must say, "Ah, such is life!"

One night Mr. Black came home in his fine coupé,
But poor Mr. White in a coffin lay.

(1899.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "RECEIVED THE MITTEN" MAN.

'Twas only a castle in the air
Of a little bright home and a maiden as fair;
Of a neat little parlor and dining-room small,
And a kitchen and bedrooms would contain it all.

Of a bright cheerful fire and a sweet wife at tea.
But it was only a castle in the air I see,
Of a cheery smile whose warmth would cheer
Away the day's hard luck and drear.

Of a smooth white hand that would smooth away
The disappointments of the day;
But 'twas only a castle in the air
Of a beautiful maid with golden hair.

(1901.)

THE BURGLAR'S MISTAKE.

On a very dark night
When there was no light,
Two burglars stole into a house
And listened with ears that would hear a mouse.

And straightway they walked into a room
Which was covered with dust and filled with gloom.
Oh! said one as he peered through the dark,
I think I see the safe; oh! hark!

All of a sudden a soft footstep was heard on the stairs;
As they peeked out of their hiding place they saw two red glares
"What under the sun is that?" whispered one,
But the other laughed and his eyes twinkled with fun.

"Oh, it's only the cat," he said, trying to get his breath.
"I thought sure it was something that of us would be the death,"
And again to the safe they started,
And one chucked his key in and the doors parted.

"Ah, here is some money, valuables and jewels!"

For there was a small urn on four little stools.

"Oh, give me your key" said one, "Oh my! pard,
But this thing to open is hard."

"Let's take it away before the mistress doth come;

Puss can't tell, because she's quite dumb."

So on they plodded down the street,

And for once a policeman they did meet.

"What you got in there?" he roughly said.

"Our mother's ashes, who has a week been dead."

The policeman snatched it from them and opened it, and lo!

There *were* the ashes of some one who had lived awhile ago.

(1901.)

FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

I know a pretty saucy little shop girl,

With mouth of coral and teeth of pearl,

And she tries to be as charming, as charming as can be,

And she cries out to us "Monsieur, will you take coffee or take tea?"

She has the loveliest fluffy hair, and the prettiest eyes of blue,

And what can a poor, bewildered man do

When he hears her saucy, soft, low little voice?

Surely a man can not take his choice.

And she says, "You had better try a bottle of our best perfumery;"
And as I see my purse grow thinner, I have to say, "Ah, me!"
"Come and I will show you for your sister a fine hat;"
And she brought back one that was like a black bat.

It had wings on the side and buckle in the middle,
And how to get it on, to me, was a riddle.
"It's all the style and all the fad,
And I know your sister will be very glad."

Home to the house the bonnet I took,
And Gracie, my sister, gave it one look;
"Oh! where did you get such an old thing?
I hope another to me you'll ne'er bring."

And Gracie stamped on it with her small foot,
And covered the poor thing all over with soot.
"But, Gracie, my dear, that's not a cheap hat,
For I paid fifteen dollars for that."

"I suppose it's that shop girl that's bewitched you so long;
Wait till I see her, I'll give her a prong."
"She does not think you are pretty, sister dear,"
And I tell you I was glad to see the way was clear,

For my sister was in a tantrum; and she wrathfully cried,
"She paints her face, rouges her lips and her horrid old hair is dyed;
And her white old teeth are false, for I know it."
And I calmly walked up stairs leaving Gracie to go it.
So I said she is made up after all,
And I thought her so sweet, beautiful and tall.

(1900.)

A NEGRO DITTY.

Oh, darling, please be mine and I will truly marry you:
Oh, honey, do be mine and I will be quite true.
You needn't wash and iron like did my second wife,
And oh, if you'll be mine, Paradise is life.

I'll go down to Jim's and he'll give a job to me,
And then, ma honey, we will all from care be free.
But dun you know, Mr. Johnson, that you work not at all,
And though you had good parents you began to downward fall,

And I hear your wives supported you while you lounged around,
And every other week or so you'd ask her for a pound;
So you'd better go, for I'll have none of you,
For I won't have it said that I'm Jack Johnson's Sue.

(1900.)

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Old John Parks was getting old;
He was a rich man, big and bold;
But when John's business went quite wrong,
His face was distorted and exceedingly long;

Day after day his face grew worse
Though fatter and fatter grew his purse,
One day as he was sitting in his room,
He saw his daughter's dead bridegroom

Look in and come to the door.
"Come, Father Parks, wake up once more.
Come now, we will get rid of those lines and crinkles,
And when I get through there will be no wrinkles.

And this is the treatment I want you to take
So you'll not grow old or jump into the lake:
Be happy, useful and cheerful;
If your business goes wrong, don't be tearful.

Give money to the poor
And it will return to you sure;"
And now old man Park
Is called the merry lark.

(1898.)

THE NEW WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

Mrs. McCarthy went to a hotel
And straightway she got there, she rang her dark bell,
Oh, sure sir, she said, I want to wash my face,
And she bowed with the utmost care and womanly grace.

She brought a revolver along to protect her from thieves
And because they don't come she actually grieves.
One night she heard the most awful noise in her room,
And out went the revolver and boom.

But when she lit the gas and looked around,
This is what Mrs. McCarthy found—
A poor little mouse with a hole in his back,
And the poor woman cried, Alas and alack !

(1900.)

PICTURE OF A VULGAR WOMAN.

The woman I saw had a red flaming waist
And twelve diamonds, I guess you would call paste;
Her neck, hands and skirt were decorated with lace,
And the curls on her forehead were running a race.
Her face was quite rouged and her hair was blondined,
And her hands would be better if they had been cleaned.
And when the conductor asked for her fare
She turned around with a dudess's air;
“ Oh, ma husband has that in the smoking car.”
And sat back once more to gaze out afar.

(1900.)

THE TWO GOSSIPS.

Oh, have you heard that John has a divorce?
Oh, no, but I expected it of course.
And have you heard that Jackie Farr has married Lillie Crane?
And have you heard that old man Brace was murdered in the lane?
And have you heard that George Purple has actually gone crazed
And that by thugs last night, Mary Ann was cruelly dazed?
And have you heard about the ghosts that haunted Milly's house?
She told me herself that everything was as still as a mouse—
When came an awful yell,
“Rouse ye, rouse ye, come with me to hell.”
She said she walked into the hall,
And yet, all of it she can't recall.
She said she saw a figure dressed in white
Carrying a candle of flaming light.
Oh, well, my dear Alida talk no more of that
Because I wish to tell you Louise is getting fat.
And, oh dear me, this is the most important fact of all;
Ruth Mallen, the millionaire's daughter, has had a very bad fall.
Doesn't Lulu Miller do her hair up in fine style,
And all the young men she can beguile;
Oh, here comes the servant bringing the nice hot tea;
Come to-morrow afternoon and spend it all with me.

(1899.)

SCHOOL DAYS.

Come, Nell, say your lessons o'er;
See, you've strewn your books galore;
Come, pick them up; don't be a lazy chit;
Can you not exert yourself a bit?

Now, dear, where is Ceylon Island?
And where's the Asian highland?
Oh, anywhere. oh, anywhere, she cried in accents true,
But the eyes of her teacher followed hers like those of glue.

I see, Nell, you do not know your lesson yet;
Come, sit here, and do not fret.
A time went by and Nellie did quite well;
Then came the ringing of the rusty old school bell.
I know 'tis snowing, but I must keep you after school,
For Nellie, dear, you've broken every single rule.

(1899.)

TO MY GRANDPARENTS ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

I give you this little clock of gold
On your golden wedding,
It's only a token of my love
Only a little "heading."

There are two little doves driven together
By Cupid, who scatters love o'er the heather,
And his beautiful locks fly tangled in air
While the chariot sparkles in the sun's golden glare.

And lying at Cupid's pretty small feet
Bunches of orange blooms smelling so sweet,
And for his seat he chooses the clock
And his eyes all the time laughingly mock.

And always may you as you sit by the clock
See its gay little hands and hear its merry tick-tock;
May you never be sad and always be gay,
And live a long time, for many a day.

(May 27, 1901).

ODE TO NATURE.

In the hearts of mountains old,
Being next to slumbering gold,
Is the nature that I crave for,
Is the nature that I love.

Near the pines that wave and sigh,
Near the birds that fly on high
Are the air and sky I long for,
Are the foot-hills that I've climbed.

Near the sparkling rivers' bed,
While the sun looks on o'erhead,
Are the dainty flowers and grasses,
That waft a perfume o'er me.

Near the dell's most leafy places,
By the spider's webs and laces,
Is the grass that grows abundant,
High and juicy, green and mellow.

ODE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

O mountains that I love, with tawny firs and rocks of gray,
I love thy grassy breasts that bear 'most every day
Some little flower, some new-born vine
Both stop to worship at your shrine.

Your own blue lakes and lands where human feet ne'er trod,
Only the feet of angels and the mighty foot of God.
The beautiful gems that lie hid in thy 'breast,
Are taking a long and farewell rest.

For 'most every day one is found
Leaving less numbers buried deep in your ground.
I love thy deep, rich earth which hides so many treasures.
And just to gaze at thine own face is one of my great pleasures.

When the sun rises behind you, making your mountains all red,
Then a solemn hush steals o'er me, making me think of the dead;
And again when it sets, leaving your peaks all gray,
I think of a bygone vision of the land of yesterday.

When the lonely twilight overtakes the cheerful day,
Then your peaks disappear and slowly fade away,
And some time when the last lonely twilight overtakes the last dear
dawn,
You will slowly sink into eternity, and none'll know where you're gone.

(1901.)

SPRING FLOWERS.

Dear little daisy growing so fast.
Dear little dandelion white at the last;
Near the woods at the turn of the road,
Roses, tulips and hyacinths sowed.

But they grow not as well as the wild hardy flowers,
Who buffet the bugs and the wild driving showers;
Nobody cares for me now I know,
Though I was pretty long time ago.

Just then a child came wandering near,
Oh now I've found you, my little dear,
Poor little violet alone by the tree,
Let me pluck you and come home with me.

(1898.)

NOVEMBER DAYS.

One of the pleasantest sights I remember
Were the beautiful leaves in chilly November;
Think of the colors which are pretty and bright,
They wear them until winter comes (their horrible night).

Do you see them sink down in gay little rows,
And take their last rest while the strong wind blows?
But now let us think of them as they are on the trees,
Lifting their pretty heads at every slight breeze.

Sometimes in this month the snow comes quite fast,
And the poor leaves smile at each other and say this day is the last;
But they live on till the cold icy month of December;
Then fade away and shrivel like a dying ember.

(1900.)

THE SEASONS.

SUMMER.

You think of our Summer as only a season;
But where, little one, did you get that bad reason?
Why, summer's a fairy dressed all in white,
With roses, geraniums and orchids twined tight
To her beautiful, golden, soft, silken hair;
And she dances and trips as she floats on the air.

She goes down to the garden and plucks flowers for her dress,
You'll say if you see her she is a fairy but pretty ne'ertheless;
And when it gets too hot for her flowers,
She makes rain come down in cool dripping showers;
But at last her time is ended and she travels away,
And she comes nearer to China each week and each day.

FALL.

Fall is dressed in gorgeous colors, red, green and yellow,
And then's the time fruits are mellow;
Fall is a maiden pure and fair,
Dreamy brown eyes and dark golden hair;
The sheath of the corn for her trailing dress,
And soft lulling breezes her fair face caress.
The dew of the morning she wears on her head;
The flowers on her bosom, their color is red;
A crown of green leaves shines from above,
And in all her sweet face there is nothing but love.

WINTER.

And then comes Winter, the ice maiden so fair,
With bonny black eyes and long raven hair;
Her dress is of ice with sparklets of snow,
And her dark hair is fastened with a diamond bow,
And in this ebony hair she wears a red rose;
And she's pretty as can be, from her head to her toes.
And when in December the ground is so dry,
She smiles at the snowflakes as downward they fly;
She takes a bit of her clean dress of ice
And lays on a pond, and in a trice
The pond is all ready for skates,

And the sparrows look down and chirp to their mates.
But at last winter, too, starts away,
And as she goes, she meets Spring, our lovely May.

SPRING.

Spring is a child, with short curly hair,
Blue eyes, and mouth of cherry color fair;
Her hair is adorned with all the flowers of spring,
And as she passes by the trees, the birds begin to sing,
Spring is here ! Spring is here !
And the mornings dawn quite clear.

(1900.)

JUNE.

The hills are green, the flowers have come
And winter's shrieking voice is dumb;
The wind is calm, yet wafts a breeze
O'er fields and lakes, and farms and trees;

The lakes are blue, their waters cool,
And summer o'er the land doth rule;
The bees awaken from their sleep,
And all the bugs begin to creep.

The butterfly we see once more
Hovering like a phantom, from door to door;
The air is sweet with scents, and hazy
And every one except the bees, is lazy.

(1901.)

WASPS.

Now 'tis June, and spring has faded away fast,
And summer dear is here at last;
Wasps, wasps, wasps all over;
Their glittering, shiny wings flash goldenly
As they pass by, frightening me.
Their busy buzz I hate to hear;
They sting so quick, painful and clear;
There's a big one in my bedroom;
And on the shelf, I perceive in the gloom
A great big one with eyes of black,
And I take a shoe and give it a whack.

(1901.)

MISTRESS AND MAID.

We advertised in the Tribune and we advertised in the News,
But we didn't get any answer, and we began to get the blues.
My husband sighed and said with a frown,
" There's ne'er a one in this measly girl-less town."
So we advertised in the Record Herald, not knowing what 'twould bring;
Next morning bright and early, at the postman's sharp clear ring,
A handful of letters came tumbling down,
Some from the country and some from the town.
I opened the first, which was long and square,

Seeming to me to have an honest air;
“ My dear future Missus (I hope you to be),
I know I will like you if you’ll only like me,
I can cook ham and eggs and broil a beef steak,
And once in a while I condescend to bake.
My bread might be worse and yet I will say,
That at my last place I ruined two batches a day.
Of course that won’t matter for I scrub once a week,
But if I should not I’ll expect you to be meek.”
I tore up this letter and threw it away,
And launched once more into the fray.
“ My dear Mrs. Brown, I’ll come to you sure,
For I hear that you’re good to beggars poor.
For I have many relations who need charity,
And wherever I go, they all follow me.
There’s dear Susan Ann whom I know you will like,
And also my beau the policeman named Mike.
I can’t cook a thing but I know I shall learn,
But I expect all the same money to earn.
And once in a while when I go to a dance,
I want one of your dresses, and Mike, your hub’s pants;
Now I will close hoping you’ll write,
And tell me if I am to come to-night.”
I shook my poor head, my tresses fell down.
“ Oh, what shall I do?” I cried with a frown;
I picked out another small, dainty and fair;
“ Ah!” cried I, “ this is no hot air.”
I opened it up and a dainty perfume,
Seemed to waft o’er my head into the room.
“ My dear Mrs. Brown, saw your plea for a girl,
And really I think I’m just a pearl,

I've references many and sweethearts galore,
And wherever I go I get a lot more;
My complexion is white with a pale dainty pink,
And for supper I must have champagne to drink.
I expect two days a week and every night,
And sometimes don't come home until it is light;
Some one must be up to open the door,
So please when I demand this don't get sore;
And now good-bye, Mrs. Brown,
If you want me to come, write to Miss Milly Clown."

"My dear Mrs. Brown, I heard of your place,
I'm writing this letter and entering the race;
If you have any children don't write me at all,
For how I do hate them! they fight and they bawl.
You must never have company and relations I hate,
For they're always around and on my nerves grate;
The last place I was we had uncles and aunts,
And cousins that range from two years to long pants;
They were in the ice box until there was nothing left,
And the master and mistress accused me of the theft."
With a sigh I turned to the very last one.

"Oh, dear!" said I, "I shall be glad when it's done."
"My dear Mrs. Brown, I wish here to say,
I've been over from Ireland a year and a day;
I can scrub very well and am a fair cook,
And always am careful as to how I look;
I've never worked out, but I know I can do,
The things I did for mother I'll do for you.
In that far-away country I worked all the day,
But helping my mother, 'twas nothing but play;
But now she is gone, I will try to help you,

And what I don't know you must teach me to do.
And now I will close with a prayer that you'll take
The poor Irish girl and of her a cook make."
I closed up this letter with a tear in my eye,
And resolved that I would if 'twas only to try.
I wrote back in answer "I'll take you right now,"
And I've never regretted my hast'ly made vow.

(1901.)

THE FIRE.

The flames ascending to the sky
Soaring, roaring, red and high,
Lightening all the murky air
By the brightness of their flare.

Sparks descending to the ground
Covering all the space around;
Smoke in curly tresses floats
Just like fleecy fairy boats.

Colored, purple, pink and red
With a fiery sky o'erhead,
Like a picture never painted
Stands the sight—a battle feinted.

With a background deepest red,
With the bursting flames o'er head,
With the smoke of different hues
From the purples to the blues,

Stands the building like a giant
Tall and fierce and most defiant;
On the roof the firemen walk
Silhouetted as they talk.

Black against the rosy smoke,
Dressed in helmet and in cloak,
Brave men are they who fight the fire,
Rescue people from horrors dire.

Should I speak about their life,
Tell of hardships, courage and strife?
Yea, all should praise and admire these men
Giving their lives for others time and again.

THE SUICIDE OF SELFISH AMBITION.

Sleep in the sea, thou troubled soul,
Remember that earth was not your goal,
Trying to soar above the rest,
You were nobody's friend and nobody's guest.

Remember once more if thou canst, oh, friend,
Thou wert willing to borrow but never to lend,
Dreaming alone in a world of thine own,
Thou hadst chilled many friends, and hatred had sown.

And when despair clasped thee like steel,
Thou fell'st on thy knees and made an appeal,
Finding despair would not leave thee, but stay,
Thou fell'st in the sea one dark dreary day.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Under the Bridge of Sighs, with Otilie, queen of my heart,
Floating in my gondola—between us Cupid's dart:
Under the darksome bridge, shadowing the soft moonlight,
We watched the twinkling stars, emblems of the night.
Each of us thought of the prisoners crossing the Bridge of Sighs,
Who would never see the daylight or see the bright sun rise;
Each of us said a prayer for the passing of some soul,
Who'd trodden o'er the bridge unto death's dismal goal.
Otilie turned to me with tears in her eyes,
"The name is certainly fit, it *is* a Bridge of Sighs."
Following her speaking eyes, I beheld once again
That solemn, deathlike structure, yawning for hapless men.

FLOWERS.

Some spirits of flowers were talking together, one night in the sky;
Said one to the other, where were you when you did die?

Oh ! I was an orchid in a vase at a grand début;
I was of the most beautiful purple hue;
The music was divine and swelling,
And the rooms were filled with flowers sweet smelling;
They were all dancing with happy hearts,
All were acting well their parts.
The next morning they tossed me out,

And before I had time to look about,
A child came and picked me up,
Saying, come and cheer my mother's bitter cup.
So she took me to a dingy room
Full of death and bitter gloom;
The poor mother clutched at me and cried,
Oh ! how pretty ! lay it at my side.

I was a rose, stately and tall;
Beautiful color admired by all;
I was bought by a man for his own sweetheart.
Who was clever and pretty, and wondrously smart;
The girl squeezed me into an awful big book,
And I thought surely my stem was a crook.
As time went on, the girl and the man were married;
Wherever they moved you may be sure I was carried;
As the years passed along I was ne'er thrown away.
They'd become grandparents, when one memorable day
An accident occurred; the house caught fire,
And they were all in terror dire;
And they left me far behind,
Which I do not think was kind.

I was a carnation, beautiful and white,
In the hair of a child, yellow and light;
I was by nature meek and mild,
But my little master was sturdy and wild;
I up above looked proudly down
At the chubby small hands, sunburnt and brown;
Out in the fields with a whoop and a laugh,
Trying to ride the stubborn young calf,
He was into all mischief wherever he went.
And I believe he is yet, if he is decrepit and bent.

L. of C.

I was a little violet on the battle field,
And when the army tramped o'er us my petals off me pealed;
One man lay near me as he died,
And blood came trickling down his side;
It sank into my stem and flower and left no trace;
It steeled my heart against the war so hated;
I died on that field; I seem to be fated.

I was a bachelor button blue;
In Miss Mehitable's old-fashioned garden I grew;
My mistress would often say,
You'll ne'er be used till my wedding day.
And so I was glad when Ichabod Green came,
Though he was blind in one eye and a little bit lame.

I was a lily of the valley white,
Laid in the hands of a child who had taken flight.
He had a halo of golden hair
Surrounding a complexion, oh, so fair.
I was laid in his hands with a clutch and a tear,
And a last lingering kiss to his face so dear.
And then the undertaker shut up the glass,
And I knew we were on our way to the graveyard's grass.
But just at that moment I heard a voice say,
Oh, give me one more look on this the last day;
There kissed him a tiny sister of four,
And then the glass was shut once more,
And we were lowered into the tomb:
When I looked round there was nothing but gloom;
After awhile the little hands stirred
And he regarded the tomb as a new-born bird.
Then with a shout he quickly said

Grandma! Grandma! am I dead?
Yes, dear one, you are indeed,
But you are coming where no hearts bleed.
Then all of a sudden the casket gave way,
And we flew out again to the glorious day;
We sailed on through air past comets and sun,
And arrived where no drudgery ever'll be done.
I saw the Great Master sitting on his gold throne;
He said, Ah! little flower, did you come here alone?
And I blushing answered "Yes."
He said, Ah! little one, did you ever guess,
There's a heaven for all,
Big, great, little or small.
And then an angel dressed all in light,
Led me down to my Heaven
While the earth was in night.

(1901.)

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

A minister of ninety-nine thought he would take a wife:
He found a maid of ten and nine and took her for this life.
He wooed her in the garden fair, amid the apple trees,
And begged her to become his spouse, on his decrepit knees.
She hemmed and hawed, and looking sage,
Said, "Why not try one of your own age?"

MIDLOTHIAN NYMPH.



A guardian of those happy fields roams and walks at will;
She treads upon the dewy grass and climbs the sloping hill;
She wanders like a specter in the middle of the night,
And though she still keeps roaming on she's invisible in light.

When the day breaks through the east and skies are hued in blue,
She walks upon the courses green and sips the morning dew;
Only the dogs can see her, only the dogs can feel her hand:
Have you not seen them following something mysterious o'er the land?



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